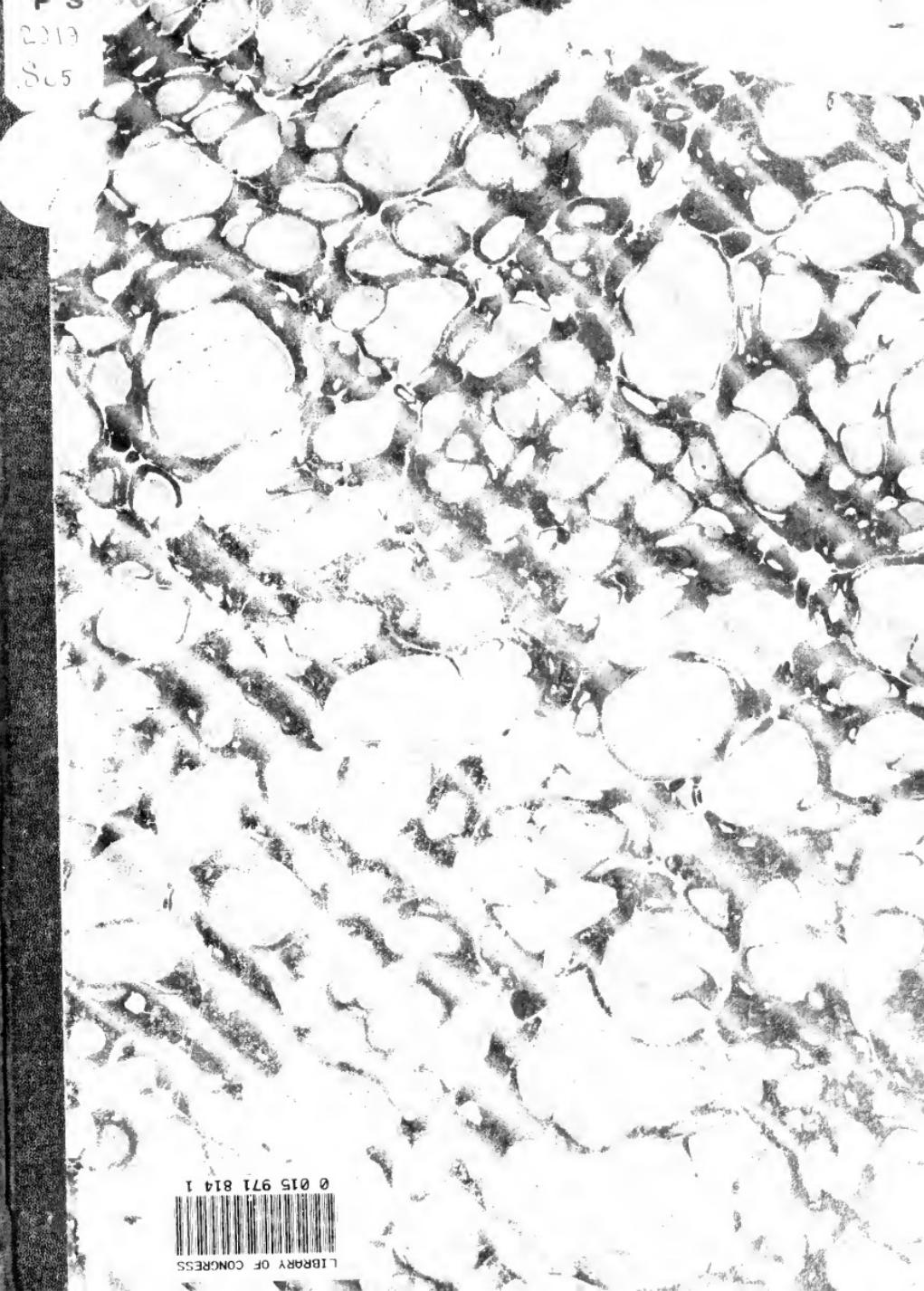


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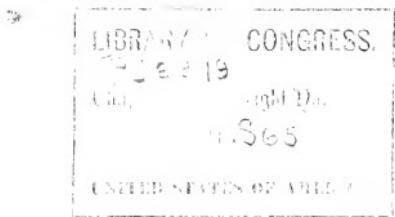
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# THE HONEY



By  
HENRY ELMER STICKNEY  
Illustrated.







THE  
HOLY FLOWE[R]

BY  
HENRY ELMER STICKNEY

NEW YORK

THE WALTER MORRIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 108 EIGHTH AVENUE

MEDICAL

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER.

PUBLISHERS.—PREFACE.

•

*In presenting this poem to the public, we have taken advantage of an opportunity to express ourselves, as well as to set the reader aright.*

*This beautifully constructed and highly imaginative poem, sublime in its simplicity and grand in its purity, came from the busy pen of a young author who is fast ascending to that position attained only by flights of genius. This poem is worthy of the highest consideration, and, among whatever community it may find its way, will leave there a lasting impression. The author has pleasingly delineated, by personification, life from its origin to its terminus—carrying with it evil and holiness, side by side, through all stages until the end comes, when the reward is given.*

*We feel justified in saying that this poem will knock and gain entrance to the hearts of thousands, and there be received and cherished with as warm affections as it was received by*

THE PUBLISHERS.



THE HOLY FLOWER.



## The Holy Flower.

11



HERE grew from earth, in a primeval bower,  
A beauteous plant called the Holy Flower :  
Contented it dwelt in the forest glade,  
At the outer skirt, where the maples' shade  
Displayed their image on the verdant green,  
And solitude lingered in every scene.

As pure as the hour that awoke its birth,  
It nursed the bosom of its mother, Earth ;  
The night winds nourished with tender care,  
And fed it with dew at the day's repair,  
And its germ was warmed with a genial fire,  
And it blossomed to meet the world's desire.



LIKE A MESSAGE OF LOVE ITS FRAGRANCE FELL.

It lent its perfume to the morning breeze,  
And its birth was heralded through the trees ;  
And over the meadow and through the dell,  
Like a message of love its fragrance fell.  
It wed a sweet smile to the mourning stream,  
Awoke the forest from its sombre dream ;  
And all that haunted the primeval bower,  
Welcomed the birth of the Holy Flower.

How oft have I wandered, when sun of ease  
Sifted its radiance down through the trees,  
To the silent bower, where its fragrance sweet,  
Like an angel's carol, came forth to meet  
A vagrant youth, who, disgorged from sin,  
Found a paradise and was ushered in,  
And many enigma its presence told ;  
The curtain of mystery was uprolled,  
And I saw, through mists of declining years,  
The goal of ambition, the hull of fears,  
As a beacon of hope through Sorrow's gloom,  
Teach mortals to bear the cross to the tomb.  
Thus I communed with the beauteous Flower,  
That dwelt in the shades of the forest bower,  
Until day would its last amusement wean,  
And the curtain of night shut out the scene.



THROUGH THE GATE OF DAY THAT WAS LEFT AJAR,  
SHONE THE ROUND, FULL MOON FROM THE EASTERN EAR.

Life then was sweet! before Affliction sought  
To rob Existence of its humble lot,  
Or Melancholy hunted down its prey,  
And desolate returned each fruitless day.

Life then was sweet! for remittance of care  
Was pleasure and merriment everywhere;  
And happiness ended as joy began,  
And bliss remained after the setting sun.

For when the day slumbered in Darkness' arms,  
The night would disclose her numerous charms.

How oft have I paused at the twilight hour,  
As homeward I came from the forest bower,  
To catch the sweet notes of the whip-poor-will,  
Or solve the mystical song of the rill.

And there, as I've stood at the door of night  
And listened and gazed on the fading sight,  
Through the gate of day that was left ajar,  
Shone the round, full moon from the eastern bar;

And seeming to smile as the darkness ran,  
When it mirrored to earth the noon-day sun,  
Till within the caves under rock and ground  
Was the only place that it could be found

And the mists rose up from the river's bed,  
And its snow-white wings were silently spread;



TO CATCH THE SWEET NOTES  
OF THE WHIP POOR-WILL,  
OR SOLVE THE MYSTICAL SONG OF THE RILL.

Over the meadow and over the dale,  
It gracefully hung like a bridal veil ;  
Till fair Dream of Love spread her mantle o'er  
The deep solitude that everything wore.

The beauteous Flower in the forest deep  
Its petals had closed in a blissful sleep.  
Thus, through the Summer, by night and by day,  
The kingdom was fragrant, the tenants gay,  
Save the Nettle that grew close by its side,  
Who jealous became of a loving bride.

“ You are loved,” said he, “ for your beauty shown,  
And I am despised for my name alone.  
But we shall fall as together we dwell,  
The bell that united shall toll our knell ;  
For the frosts will come and the cold winds blow,  
And we'll perish alike beneath the snow.”

Yet the Flower said naught, but smiled with love,  
And lifted its angelic eyes above ;  
And seeming to say, in a silent prayer :  
“ O, life everlasting awaits us there,  
Thy Father's commandments fulfill below,  
And fear not the wind, and dread not the snow,  
But follow the path that thy Saviour trod,  
And trust in the glorious words of God ”



TILL FAIR DREAM OF LOVE SPREAD HER MANTLE O'ER  
THE DEEP SOLITUDE THAT EVERYTHING WORE.

As the Summer waned and the Autumn stood,  
Ready to color the lawn and the wood,  
To deck the forests and to trim the glades  
With the richest of melancholy shades,  
With his hound and his gun a huntsman came,  
Through thicket and nook in pursuit of game;  
But the day was bleak and the air was chill,  
And the pheasant and hare had left the hill,  
To a warmer clime in the lowland went.  
Yet the huntsman searched and he seemed content,  
Though his hound in advance had lost the trail,  
And his voice was hushed, and the quiet vale  
Brought not the sweet notes to the huntsman's ear,  
And all the day long until night drew near,  
By river and hill with a noiseless tread  
He had searched in vain, for the game had fled.  
Then the huntsman paused, in a pensive mood,  
At the outer skirt of the changing wood;  
And seeling the fragrance upon the air,  
The dying message of the Flower so fair.  
Then he thought of the Autumn drawing near,  
And the hoary frosts that would all things sear;  
And how Nature would change her verdant gown,  
And briefly appear in her robe of brown,



AS THE SUMMER WANED AND THE AUTUMN STOOD,  
READY TO COLOR THE LAWN AND THE WOOD

And how from her slumbers some starless night,  
She'd awake to behold herself in white.  
Then he thought how his life was fleeting on,  
The Spring-time and Summer past and gone ;  
And how that life's Autumn would soon appear,  
And he, like the green, would be wan and sere ;  
And the morrow would find him old and gray,  
And he, too, would pass from the scene away.  
Then a still deeper thought the Autumn gave  
Which carried the huntsman beyond the grave,  
As into the mystical realm he peered,  
He pictured bliss, while he doubted and feared :  
Would his life, though just, and his conscience clear,  
Admit him to that celestial sphere ?  
His eyes grew dim, as he pondered and thought :  
" How Nature to all a lesson has taught ;  
The numberless blessings it has unrolled,  
That the blind may see, though they can't behold,  
That the mute may speak, and the deaf may hear,  
With a silent tongue, and a useless ear.  
Though a solution sought is but to fail,  
For Thy laws are deep and the brain is frail,  
And yet they are truths ; but the reason why  
Is known to One that's far wiser than I.



AND THE PLACID LAKE IN THE MOUNTAIN'S ARMS  
REPEATED THE GRANDEUR OF NATURE'S CHARMS.

Thus the longer I look the blinder I grow,  
And the deeper I search the less I know ;  
So I'll seek no longer His mystical lore,  
But trust in the Creator all the more."

Then the huntsman's head sank down on his breast,  
And he slept in the forest, the sleep of rest.  
The night was chill, but his slumber was sound,  
And the first white frost covered tree and ground.  
His dog lay silent, on guard at his feet,  
And his smiling face told his dreams were sweet.

When the morrow broke, and the faintest ray  
Proclaimed to creation the birth of day,  
All Nature awoke ere the night was done,  
Awaiting the kiss of the morning sun.  
But the green had inhaled a poisoned breath,  
And the longed-for kiss was the kiss of death.

When the huntsman arose the lawn was brown,  
And the sered leaves were tumbling down ;  
And the river mourned as it bore away  
The first sad token of Summer's decay ;  
And the placid lake in the Mountain's arms  
Repeated the grandeur of Nature's charms ;  
And the barren branches swayed to and fro,  
As the new-born zephyrs came soft and low,



THE FLOWER WAS NURSED IN THE WARMTH AND LIGHT,  
WITH A TENDER CARE THROUGH THE DAY AND NIGHT.

Out from their haunts in a mystical sphere,  
To bless all creation, both far and near.  
So fragrant and pure was the morning air,  
That he tarried long, for his soul when there  
Was nearer the realm of eternal rest  
Than ever before was its spirit blest.

And there, as he stood in the forest bower,  
He saw through the trees this beauteous Flower,  
With its head bent low, and its ebbing life  
Told it was conquered in a noble strife.  
Yet erect stood the Nettle close by his bride,  
And gloated over how soon she had died;  
But soon came his harvest, evilly sown—  
And lies where he fell in the woods alone.

A savior was near in that holy hour,  
A savior had come for his fallen Flower;  
And he bore it up from its lowly bed,  
And hastened away with his sacred dead,  
Out from the thicket, and over the hill,  
Across the meadow, and over the rill,  
Down through the orchard and up through the lane,  
The savior, the huntsman, was home again.  
The Flower was nursed in the warmth and light,  
With a tender care through the day and night,



AND THE TEMPLE IS DARK AND COLD,  
AND THE SPIRIT BORNE TO THE HEAVENLY FOLD

Until death had withdrawn, and life and bloom  
Closed the sombre gate of an empty tomb.  
How often I have heard the huntsman tell  
Of the Flower he found in the wooded dell,  
When the frost had come and the morn was chill;  
How he bore it home o'er meadow and hill ;  
How it bloomed afresh when the morrow came,  
Like the mortal soul, when the holy flame  
Is quenched, and the temple is dark and cold,  
And the spirit borne to the heavenly fold :  
For the pure, like the Flower, liveth twice—  
On Earth, and forever in Paradise.







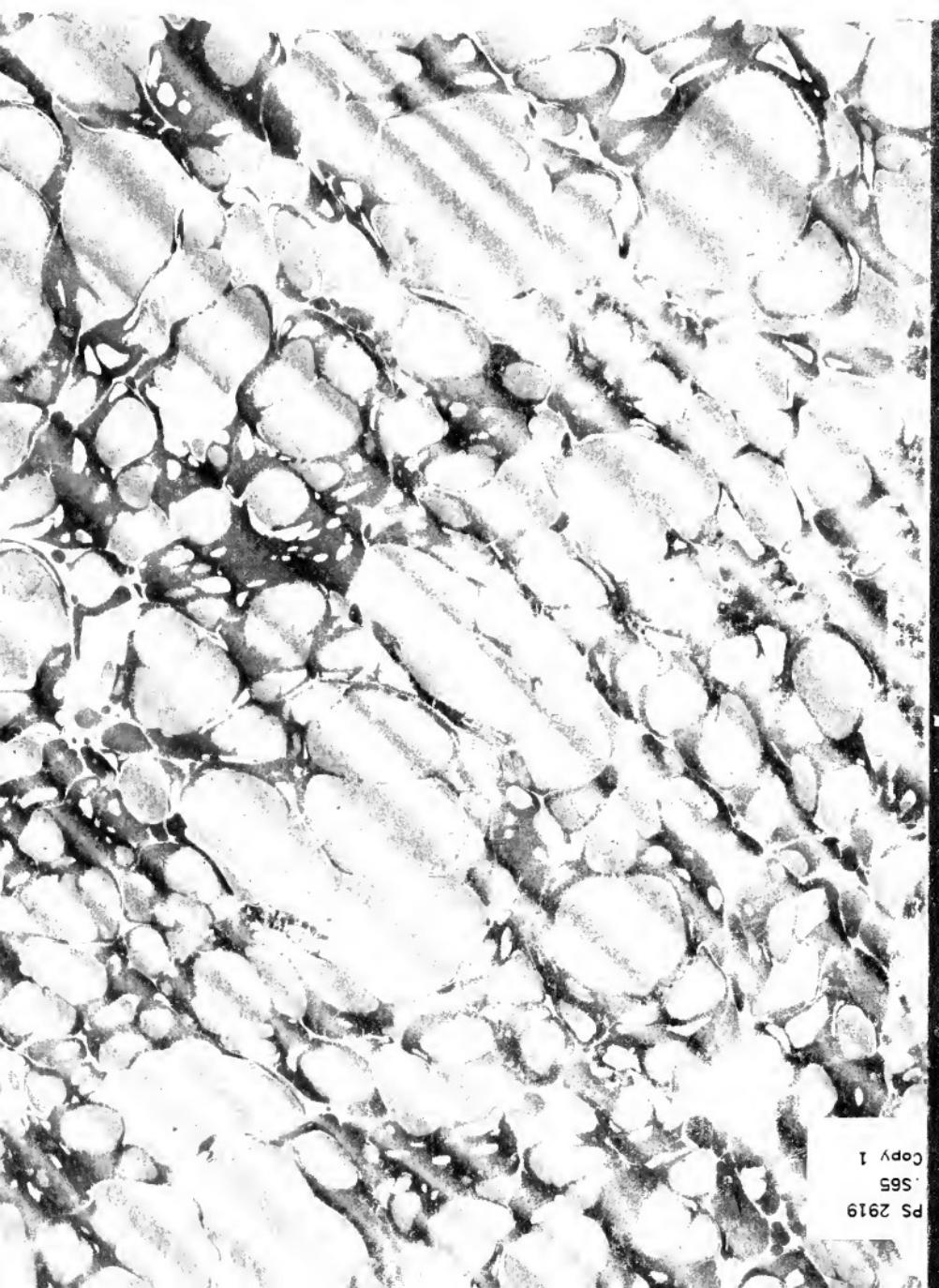






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